

THE DAIRY COW.

By Governor W. D. Heard of Wisconsin. Speaks of the Conformation of the Animal for Butter and Cheese Purposes.

The well-known agriculturist, W. D. Heard of Wisconsin, was greeted with a loud applause at the recent New York dairy convention when he stepped forward to speak on the conformation of a dairy cow. The American Agriculturist has brought out by large charts on the stage. He said in part as follows: Dairy is everything to purpose. Every machine has its special use according to its purpose. Students of the cow have gradually come to believe in this theory, and the dairyman must show as much intelligence in dealing with the laws of nature, as the banker, lawyer or merchant does in dealing with the laws of men. Become as little children, teachable.

In judging a cow do not rely too much on the scale of points, for it is not correct. There is no straight back, from the horns down, in a good dairy cow; there is a rise of the pelvic arch, a slope of the rump. Breed and feed for these feminine traits, breed for motherhood. The primary consideration is milk, and the breeding of the dairy cow must be treated from that standpoint. The dairy cow has large lungs, larger in fact than the best of any other animal. The dairy temperament is based on the nervous temperament. The dairy cow has a large amount of nervous force. The eye of a good dairy cow makes a protrusion or "dish" in the face. She has a large brain and powerful instincts, a feminine neck, lean shoulders. The beef cow is a miser, hoarding up its food for flesh. It is the dairy cow that is the best of all ways. There can be little more in common between them.

I have a 3-year-old heifer, a Jersey, which has already earned a record of 120 pounds of butter. I am feeding her all the cornmeal she can eat, to ascertain the point where the food will make best instead of milk. Consider all these things in breeding. The dairy cow has large open ribs; she is never closely ribbed. The barrel is strong. She has a large spinal marrow, a narrow, closely backed, thin lips, involving. Nature is our guide, the cow our guide. The giving of milk is a peculiar function. I believe that the fluid is mainly made at the time of milking. Take a cow with full udders. Kill her and dissect her and the sum total of milk found will not exceed a pint. In the substance, similar to butter fat. Environment is important; study it. Breed and feed for dairy feeding and dairiness. Above all, have a clean healthy stable and pure air.

New Agriculturist at Ottawa.

The cut herewith presents the features of the newly-appointed Agriculturist of Ottawa.



J. H. GRISDALE.

The Dominion Experimental Farms, J. H. Grisdale of St. Martha, Que. The position of Agriculturist of the Experimental Farms has been vacant ever since Prof. Robertson resigned it some two years ago. In a country where live stock plays so important a part in farm work as it does in Canada there is scope for a series of experiments along the lines of breeding, growing and feeding of live stock that should prove of great value to farmers. This will, we understand, be the chief part of Mr. Grisdale's work, and he will have charge of the live stock upon the Central Farm at Ottawa, and all the branch stations as well. Mr. Grisdale is a capital type of live stock man. He carried off first prize in the intercollegiate judging contest. So comes to his work with no mean knowledge of cattle. He was brought up on a farm. Later he spent two years at Toronto University, and then took an associate diploma after two years' study at the Ontario Agricultural College and won the gold medal for general proficiency in 1898. He then attended the Agricultural College for a post-graduate course, and now he has been appointed to a position of importance, in which he can be of untold benefit to the farmers of Canada.

Round Bark on Old Trees.

The gradual thickening of bark on trees is often objected to as an evidence of unfruitfulness. But it almost always comes on trees when they get to be of bearing age, and except for barbing the copious of the collecting more it does no harm. Scraping this bark off through the water removes the protection and the exposed wood will be usually found to be sound. These cut ends will be usually found to be sound. These cut ends will be usually found to be sound. These cut ends will be usually found to be sound.

Orchard and Garden.

The best apples are grown in a hilly country and a somewhat rocky soil. A good tree will take up and planted will do equally well when transplanted in the spring or in the fall. While lilacs and gladiolus are injured by manuring, tulips, hyacinths and crocus are benefited by a liberal allowance.

FARM TELEPHONES.

How Profit, Joy and Gladness Can Be Brought to Many Isolated Houses at Small Cost.

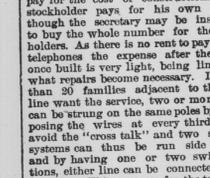
In northeastern Iowa a number of farmers' telephone lines were laid last year and they have been so successful and proven such a convenience that many contracts are being let for their construction during the coming season, says E. A. Fields in The Orange Ju'd Farmer. The "bridging system," which is said to unite the best service with the lowest cost. Not more than 30 telephones are placed on one line or system. The main line is run as centrally to the location of the various subscribers as possible, and terminating at one end at the nearest small town or perhaps connecting a small town with the country seat. From the main line each subscriber builds or pays for his own house, where the wire is grounded.

A system of signals is adopted, made necessary because ringing any bell rings all the bells on the line, and in order to call any particular person, you must ring his "call," a combination of long and short rings. The disadvantage of the system is that it affords no privacy, as any conversation over it may be heard by anyone who is listening. Still, for the purpose designed, it answers very well and is both a time saver and a source of amusement. In case of sickness a doctor can be summoned before the hired man could get a team harnessed to drive to town, supposing of course that the doctor has a telephone and they are usually not slow to avail themselves of the advantage. In the busy season, if a machine breaks down, the farmer can inquire for any other order repairs without loss of valuable time. Besides saving many trips to and from the market, and taking advantage of any sudden advance. Recently a farmer living eight or ten miles from town received word late in the afternoon that his brother was going to make him a visit and would reach town that day by rail. Knowing that a neighbor of his was in town, he called up the hotel where his neighbor usually stopped, found him, told him where to find the traveller and thus saved the long cold ride.

Between the farmers themselves the uses to which it is put are innumerable. Inquiries for stray stock can be made in all directions, arrangements made for extra help and many like errands which generally require much time. In one instance a threshing crew was summoned on an hour, and they would have taken a half day to send word otherwise. The farmer's wife appreciates the convenience as much as any member of the family and probably uses it more. It gives her a means of relieving the monotony of her work that she is not slow to accept, and the young people keep the wires hot evenings in all manner of fun. The line is even used for advertising. The advertiser is very light, being limited to what repairs become necessary. If more than 30 families adjacent to each other want the service, two or more wires can be strung on the same poles by transposing the wires at every third pole. The "cross talk" and two separate systems can thus be run side by side, and by having one or two switch stations, either line can be connected with the other. This new use for the telephone is doubtless destined to increase as its practicality becomes better demonstrated.

Another Saw Jack.

The German saw jack figured in a recent issue is probably a saver of labor, but I think the one shown in the accompanying illustration is an improvement.



LABOR-SAVING SAW JACK.

on the other. This is so easily constructed that description is unnecessary. The material used in building it is of iron, although hard wood is preferred, so that the weight will hold it firmly in place. Sharpener in American Agriculturist.

Sheep Versus Dogs.

A New England sheep-raiser claims to be able to keep dogs from his sheep by a barbed wire fence, so constructed that neither the dogs nor the sheep can get through. The fence consists of seven strands of barbed wire on posts eight feet apart, with a wooden rail below the top wire. The line is even used for advertising. The advertiser is very light, being limited to what repairs become necessary. If more than 30 families adjacent to each other want the service, two or more wires can be strung on the same poles by transposing the wires at every third pole. The "cross talk" and two separate systems can thus be run side by side, and by having one or two switch stations, either line can be connected with the other. This new use for the telephone is doubtless destined to increase as its practicality becomes better demonstrated.

Sunlight Destroys Bacteria.

Bacteria grow best away from the light. In fact light checks the growth of most species and the direct rays of the sun kill them rapidly. Sunlight is our great scientific basis for the housewife's placing her pans and other dairy utensils in the sun. She has been calling in the sun's aid to add to the effectiveness of her cleaning. The cheese and butter-makers as well might in like manner use it in the dark places that bacteria flourish best; and to this fact may be ascribed much of the unhealthfulness of poorly lighted stables, cellars and the like. Of course we have also to consider the fact that sunlight dispels the one and shows up the other, and as we in Canada see much of the sun we might as well say more.—From Prof. Robertson's report.

Wood Ashes for Cows.

In the early settlement of the country, live cows had access to newly cleared lands with its burned and charred stumps, they used often to go to where stumps had been burnt and lick up the charcoal. Many farmers believe that cows thus allowed free range were less liable to abortion than those kept in close stables. The ashes probably satisfied some want in the animal economy. It may have been the phosphate they contain which is required by the bones of the growing foetus. If cows eat too much of the potash in the ashes corrects the acidity of their stomachs, which often results when stock is highly fed in stable where it has little exercise.

Even Temperature.

Nearly or quite all kinds of fruits and vegetables keep much better if the temperature in the place where they are stored can be kept even.

THE STORAGE OF ICE.

The Methods That May Be Used at the Least Expense and the Greatest Success.

It was necessary to give information on the methods of storing ice which could be adopted with the least expense and the greatest success in keeping the ice available for use during the warm season. In the storage of ice in a cheap ice-house, the following points are essential to prevent waste by melting, says Prof. Robertson in his report: 1. Protection of the ice from currents of air. (These are likely to get in around the bottom of the building.) 2. Provision for the drainage of any water from melted ice. 3. Close packing of the ice, any space between the blocks being packed with pieces of broken ice when the house is being filled during cold weather. 4. Ventilation over the covering which protects the ice from the ordinary atmosphere. Ice is melted only when the temperature is above 32 degrees Fahr. The increase in temperature comes from some source external to the ice. When a lump of ice is lying on the ground in warm weather, it is melted by the heat from the ground on which it lies, and by the heat from the air which surrounds it. To prevent that, insulating materials of different sorts have been used. An insulating material for this purpose, which wholly prevents, the passage through itself of the form of energy known as heat, is the best. Different substances conduct heat more or less rapidly, and are spoken of as being good conductors or poor conductors of heat. Whatever is a good conductor of heat would be a very poor insulating material; and a substance is a good insulator in proportion as it is a poor conductor, or non-conductor, of heat.

Butter and Egg Co-Operation in France.

A movement is on foot in France to attach an "Egg Department" to their system of co-operative dairies. The plan is simple and works well. Each member of the dairy association undertakes to lay down not less than 300 eggs per week on two fixed days; a distinction is to be made between eggs for consumption and those intended for hatching. Members can only send the product of their own hens and at their own expense to the creamery where they are to be packed in fit and proper condition. The members will bind themselves to remove the eggs daily from the creamery to the market prices. Associated with the egg industry that of poultry will be added to the dairy association. The plan is very practicable to do the same work with less expense and more success. It is a connection with our co-operative creameries, and the writer believes it would go a long way towards solving the problem of how to collect the eggs from the farmers in a perfectly fresh condition. The plan is a perfectly fresh condition. The plan is a perfectly fresh condition. The plan is a perfectly fresh condition.

Canada's Sturgeon.

The Lake of the Woods Product—Russian Caviare Made Largely From the Roe of Canadian Fish—Sturgeon Are Found All Over the Dominion—Some Interesting Statistics.

It is astonishing how much some newspaper editors, who are supposed to be more than usually well informed, have yet to learn of the resources of their own country. Quite recently the editor of a Winnipeg paper went into ecstasies over the marketing of a consignment of Canadian caviare in London. The shipment had gone from the Lake of the Woods district, but the editor did not seem to be aware of the fact that the caviare industry had been flourishing on in the vicinity of Winnipeg for many years. The trade and navigation returns do not give under a separate heading, the exports of caviare, but according to reports in possession of the Department of Fisheries, several hundred hogs have been sent from the St. Lawrence in Hudson's Bay, and the Canadian sturgeon, from the roe of which caviare is made, take first place in the market on account of their rich, edible quality. A few years ago it was the custom in the northwest, and especially in British Columbia, to look upon the sturgeon as little more than a fish, but different opinion prevails now. As long ago as 1851 Professor Owen, an eminent authority, publicly declared his belief in the value of the sturgeon which abound in Canadian rivers, and at the time of the great exhibition in London he brought the matter to the attention of the commissioner from Canada. The sturgeon are found all over the Dominion; in St. John River, N. B., in the St. Lawrence, in Hudson's Bay, and in all the great lakes of Ontario, Manitoba and in certain waters of the northwest. The Pacific sturgeon, especially of the Fraser River, are of immense size, but those most valuable for caviare are the sturgeon of the Lake of the Woods and western Ontario. The Canadian caviare is hardly inferior to the celebrated Russian product, and is greatly superior to much that is produced in the United States and other countries. The demand is so great, and the supply comparatively limited, hence, wherever sturgeon occur, they have been the object of a keen trade for eight or ten years, to carry on extensive fishing. The Columbia River abounds in sturgeon, and the fishery there is a regular sturgeon fishery, and nearly 1,000,000 pounds of dressed fresh and pickled sturgeon are shipped away from the mouth of the river in 1892 nearly 3,000,000 pounds were obtained, valued at \$41,000. After a few seasons the supply failed, and has done so in San Antonio to fool de judge and de jury—in fact you was de best lawyer cover up reality. It is a brief, breathless moment, the trial was suspended.

A Wild Fantasy.

There is a story told of a traveller in the tropical forests who, thinking to drink water from some tree or vine, stepped instead, upon the trunk of a rubber-bearing plant. Mixing a little rum with the liquid, he quenched his thirst, only to die a few hours later, with rubber disease. The insulated victim of his insatiable desire for a drink, breathless moment, the trial was suspended.

Medicinal Virtue in Herbs.

Our grandmothers placed their faith in simples, but while we have the vague notion that herbs are good we have not the remotest idea what they are good for. Every housewife should have on her shelves to aid in cooking fennel, marjoram, dill, and thyme. Elder and orange flowers, bay and basil are also used by clever cooks. Lime tree flowers and many, the broom and dandelion furnish excellent tea. The graceful Solomon's seal makes a dainty dish of greens, while the roots dried and made into powder have been made into bread. Even the herbs dried and kept for their fragrance, such as rosemary and lavender, have medicinal qualities.

The Royal Sheriff.

A somewhat swell young officer in the guards, having been taken in a single moment and enlisted as a private. He found it impossible, however, to resign his position, and on one occasion, being requested by the sergeant to perform some necessary duties with a spade, he remarked, "I have held Her Majesty's commission." The sergeant looked at him and said: "Well, now, young man, I reckon you'll have to hold Her Majesty's blooming shovel."—Spare Moments.

First Weather Prophecy on Record.

The first attempt at scientific forecasting of the weather was the result of a storm which during the Crimean war, November 14, 1854, almost destroyed the fleets of France and England. As a storm had raged several days earlier in France, Vaillant, the French Minister of War, directed his investigations to be made to see if the two storms were the same, and if the progress of the disturbances could be foretold. It was demonstrated that the two were in reality one storm and that its path could have been ascertained and the fleet forewarned in ample time to reach safety.

Took the Bait.

"Just by way of a hint, you know, I told her she looked sweet enough to kiss." "Well," she said that was the way she intended to look." "And so—." "Precisely."—Chicago Post.

Fish With an Elastic Stomach.

The good old rule that a receptacle must be larger than its contents finds ample proof in the case of the chasmodon, a fish popularly known as "the black swallower." It is noted for its voracity and for the enormous distension of its stomach, which permits it to swallow fishes larger than itself.

THE CAVIARE INDUSTRY NOT A NEW ONE IN THIS COUNTRY.

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RUDYARD KIPPLING'S STAND.

Relates a Scene He Witnessed at the Reason Why He Became a Prohibitionist.

Rudyard Kipling says that one night, in a concert hall, he saw two young men ply two girls with liquor until they were drunk. They then led them, staggering, down a dark street. The rest of the story we give in Mr. Kipling's own words. "Then," he says, "recounting previous opinions, I became a prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such trouble as a man would undergo to compass his own desire. It is not good that we should let lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary. This is important testimony. Rudyard Kipling is no unknown person. No one of small number of admirers or fanatics. No one can taunt him with ignorance of life.

A Lawyer Complimented.

Jim Webster was being tried for bribing a colored witness, Sam Johnson, to testify falsely. "You say the defendant offered you \$50 to testify in his behalf?" asked the lawyer of Sam. "Yes, sah." "He didn't speak in the third person, did he?" "No, sah, he took good care dat dar were no third person round; dar was me." "I know that, but he spoke to you in the first person, didn't he?" "Yes, sah, he said 'you'." "You don't understand me. When he was talking to you, did he say, 'I will pay you \$50'?" "No, sah, he didn't say nothin' 'bout me payin' no \$50. Your name wam't mentioned, 'cep' he told me of her I got into a scrape you was de best lawyer in San Antonio to fool de judge and de jury—in fact you was de best lawyer cover up reality. It is a brief, breathless moment, the trial was suspended.

Mr. Lloyd's Journey.

Mr. Lloyd's journey along the almost untrodden path from Uganda was most hazardous. His own friends tried to dissuade him, but he persisted, and on his arrival at the Congo the Belgians could scarcely believe that he had made the trip. On entering the great primeval forest Mr. Lloyd went west for three days without the sight of a pygmy. Suddenly he became aware of their presence by mysterious movements among the trees. Finally he came to a clearing and stopped at an Arab village, where he met a great number of pygmies. "They told me," said Mr. Lloyd, "that you were not here for five days, peering through the growth of forest. They appeared very much frightened, and even when speaking covered their faces. I asked a chief to allow me to photograph the dwarfs, and he brought a dozen together. I was able to secure a snapshot, but did not succeed in the time exposure, as the pygmies would not stand still. "I tried to measure them and found not one over four feet in height. All were fully developed, the women somewhat slimmer than the men. I was amazed at their sturdiness. The men have long beards, reaching half way down the chest, and are very kind and will not look a stranger in the face, their beaklike eyes constantly shifting. They are, it struck me, fairly intelligent. I had a long talk with a chief, who conversed intelligently about their customs in the forest and the number of the tribesmen. "Both men and women, except for a tiny strip of bark, were quite nude. The men were armed with poisoned arrows. The chief told me the tribes were nomads, never slept two nights in the same place. They just huddle together in a bush, or under a tree, and in the morning they crossed the forest years ago, still linger among them. Mr. Lloyd then proceeded through the central countries to the coast. He found the cannibals warlike and fierce, but open and straightforward, and had no difficulty with them. At one place he put together a bicycle he had with him and rode around their village. A remarkable scene followed, thousands of cannibals, men, women and children—turning out, dancing and yelling at what they described as "a European riding a snake."

"A FLEET IN BEING."

Rudyard Kipling's Eulogy of the Beauty of Steam.

Do not believe what people tell you of the ugliness of steam, nor join those who lament the old sailing days. There is one beauty of the sun and another of the moon, and we must be thankful for both. A modern man-of-war photographed in severe profile is not engaging, but you should see her with the life hot in her, head-on across a heavy swell. The ram bow draws upward and outward in a stately sweep. There is no rack of gun-barrels, no masts or bowsprit fluting to distract the eye from its outline or the beautiful curves that mark her melting into the full bosom of the ship. It hangs dripping an instant, then, quietly and cleanly as a tempered knife, slices into the hollow of the sea, spits off in foam about the hawser holes. As the ship rolls in her descent you can watch curve after curve revealed, humming and cooing the water. When she recovers her step the long sucking hollow of her bows wave discloses just enough of her shape to make you wish to see more. In harbor the still water line, hard as the collar of a tailor-made jacket, hides that vision; but when she dashes the big sea dance she is as different from her Portsmouth shilling photograph as is a matron in a macintosh from the same lady at a ball. Swaying a little in her gait, drunk with sheer delight of movement, perfectly apt for the work in hand, and in every line of her rigging that she is doing it, she of grace and beauty. Her sides are smooth as a water-worn pebble, curved, and do not understand, the clean, cool as a sweet, uses it to her own advantage. The new navy offers to the sea, precisely as much to take hold of as the trim, low-headed woman with generations of the inherited experience offers to society.

Tons of Seed.

One thousand tons of seed sown monthly within the 118 square miles of London.

When I sit down at home to rest.

When I sit down at home to rest, Just after tea, My little girl grabs hold my vest, and nuzzles me: And if she wants to comb my hair, I can't say no; I let her pull and rake and tear—I love her so.

Sometimes when I attempt to write.

Sometimes when I attempt to write, Or try to read, To half a hundred questions, quizzed, I must give heed. And now I stand, when part I've heard, To bed she'd go. But still I hate to say the word—I love her so.

Then, when at last she's gone to sleep.

Then, when at last she's gone to sleep, The pretence thins, And angels o'er her vigils keep, I long to have her absence break, And hardly know, till she shall wake—I love her so.

QUEER AFRICAN DWARFS.

Return of an English Traveller Who Visited the Central Pygmies and Cannibals in France.

Probably there has been no such interesting circulations among African travellers and geographers since the time of Henry M. Stanley's expedition as has been caused by the arrival from Central Africa of the other work of Albert Bushnell Lloyd, a young and hitherto unknown Englishman, after a journey of three months from the heart of Africa to London, following over Stanley's route down the Congo to the west coast. The journey was in one respect more remarkable than Stanley's, inasmuch as Mr. Lloyd travelled quite alone so far as Europeans were concerned, and was only accompanied by two native servants and a small number of carriers. Moreover, although he marched three weeks in the pygmy forest and then traversed the whole length of the Aruvimi River, the banks of which are lined with warlike cannibals, he never once fired a shot in self-defense. On the contrary, he was in cordial terms with both pygmies and cannibals. Mr. Lloyd's journey along the almost untrodden path from Uganda was most hazardous. His own friends tried to dissuade him, but he persisted, and on his arrival at the Congo the Belgians could scarcely believe that he had made the trip. On entering the great primeval forest Mr. Lloyd went west for three days without the sight of a pygmy. Suddenly he became aware of their presence by mysterious movements among the trees. Finally he came to a clearing and stopped at an Arab village, where he met a great number of pygmies. "They told me," said Mr. Lloyd, "that you were not here for five days, peering through the growth of forest. They appeared very much frightened, and even when speaking covered their faces. I asked a chief to allow me to photograph the dwarfs, and he brought a dozen together. I was able to secure a snapshot, but did not succeed in the time exposure, as the pygmies would not stand still. "I tried to measure them and found not one over four feet in height. All were fully developed, the women somewhat slimmer than the men. I was amazed at their sturdiness. The men have long beards, reaching half way down the chest, and are very kind and will not look a stranger in the face, their beaklike eyes constantly shifting. They are, it struck me, fairly intelligent. I had a long talk with a chief, who conversed intelligently about their customs in the forest and the number of the tribesmen. "Both men and women, except for a tiny strip of bark, were quite nude. The men were armed with poisoned arrows. The chief told me the tribes were nomads, never slept two nights in the same place. They just huddle together in a bush, or under a tree, and in the morning they crossed the forest years ago, still linger among them. Mr. Lloyd then proceeded through the central countries to the coast. He found the cannibals warlike and fierce, but open and straightforward, and had no difficulty with them. At one place he put together a bicycle he had with him and rode around their village. A remarkable scene followed, thousands of cannibals, men, women and children—turning out, dancing and yelling at what they described as "a European riding a snake."

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QUEER AFRICAN DWARFS.

Return of an English Traveller Who Visited the Central Pygmies and Cannibals in France.

Probably there has been no such interesting circulations among African travellers and geographers since the time of Henry M. Stanley's expedition as has been caused by the arrival from Central Africa of the other work of Albert Bushnell Lloyd, a young and hitherto unknown Englishman, after a journey of three months from the heart of Africa to London, following over Stanley's route down the Congo to the west coast. The journey was in one respect more remarkable than Stanley's, inasmuch as Mr. Lloyd travelled quite alone so far as Europeans were concerned, and was only accompanied by two native servants and a small number of carriers. Moreover, although he marched three weeks in the pygmy forest and then traversed the whole length of the Aruvimi River, the banks of which are lined with warlike cannibals, he never once fired a shot in self-defense. On the contrary, he was in cordial terms with both pygmies and cannibals. Mr. Lloyd's journey along the almost untrodden path from Uganda was most hazardous. His own friends tried to dissuade him, but he persisted, and on his arrival at the Congo the Belgians could scarcely believe that he had made the trip. On entering the great primeval forest Mr. Lloyd went west for three days without the sight of a pygmy. Suddenly he became aware of their presence by mysterious movements among the trees. Finally he came to a clearing and stopped at an Arab village, where he met a great number of pygmies. "They told me," said Mr. Lloyd, "that you were not here for five days, peering through the growth of forest. They appeared very much frightened, and even when speaking covered their faces. I asked a chief to allow me to photograph the dwarfs, and he brought a dozen together. I was able to secure a snapshot, but did not succeed in the time exposure, as the pygmies would not stand still. "I tried to measure them and found not one over four feet in height. All were fully developed, the women somewhat slimmer than the men. I was amazed at their sturdiness. The men have long beards, reaching half way down the chest, and are very kind and will not look a stranger in the face, their beaklike eyes constantly shifting. They are, it struck me, fairly intelligent. I had a long talk with a chief, who conversed intelligently about their customs in the forest and the number of the tribesmen. "Both men and women, except for a tiny strip of bark, were quite nude. The men were armed with poisoned arrows. The chief told me the tribes were nomads, never slept two nights in the same place. They just huddle together in a bush, or under a tree, and in the morning they crossed the forest years ago, still linger among them. Mr. Lloyd then proceeded through the central countries to the coast. He found the cannibals warlike and fierce, but open and straightforward, and had no difficulty with them. At one place he put together a bicycle he had with him and rode around their village. A remarkable scene followed, thousands of cannibals, men, women and children—turning out, dancing and yelling at what they described as "a European riding a snake."

"A FLEET IN BEING."

Rudyard Kipling's Eulogy of the Beauty of Steam.

Do not believe what people tell you of the ugliness of steam, nor join those who lament the old sailing days. There is one beauty of the sun and another of the moon, and we must be thankful for both. A modern man-of-war photographed in severe profile is not engaging, but you should see her with the life hot in her, head-on across a heavy swell. The ram bow draws upward and outward in a stately sweep. There is no rack of gun-barrels, no masts or bowsprit fluting to distract the eye from its outline or the beautiful curves that mark her melting into the full bosom of the ship. It hangs dripping an instant, then, quietly and cleanly as a tempered knife, slices into the hollow of the sea, spits off in foam about the hawser holes. As the ship rolls in her descent you can watch curve after curve revealed, humming and cooing the water. When she recovers her step the long sucking hollow of her bows wave discloses just enough of her shape to make you wish to see more. In harbor the still water line, hard as the collar of a tailor-made jacket, hides that vision; but when she dashes the big sea dance she is as different from her Portsmouth shilling photograph as is a matron in a macintosh from the same lady at a ball. Swaying a little in her gait, drunk with sheer delight of movement, perfectly apt for the work in hand, and in every line of her rigging that she is doing it, she of grace and beauty. Her sides are smooth as a water-worn pebble, curved, and do not understand, the clean, cool as a sweet, uses it to her own advantage. The new navy offers to the sea, precisely as much to take hold of as the trim, low-headed woman with generations of the inherited experience offers to society.

Tons of Seed.

One thousand tons of seed sown monthly within the 118 square miles of London.

When I sit down at home to rest.

When I sit down at home to rest, Just after tea, My little girl grabs hold my vest, and nuzzles me: And if she wants to comb my hair, I can't say no; I let her pull and rake and tear—I love her so.

Sometimes when I attempt to write.

Sometimes when I attempt to write, Or try to read, To half a hundred questions, quizzed, I must give heed. And now I stand, when part I've heard, To bed she'd go. But still I hate to say the word—I love her so.

Then, when at last she's gone to sleep.

Then, when at last she's gone to sleep, The pretence thins, And angels o'er her vigils keep, I long to have her absence break, And hardly know, till she shall wake—I love her so.

QUEER